

Prologue

I ran down the street not thinking but doing. My heart was pounding so hard. I felt like my whole body was numb. I couldn't stop running not even for a single second. All I heard in my head are screams of torture and anxiety. It was a horrible idea just to at least peak inside the room. Let alone not go prone at the time. My whole plan is ruined, I made the lives of those people on the basement even more worse. "Bam, bam, bam I'll get you," said the man chasing me. He repeats that phrase to me while he chases me. All I know is that if I continue running I will just die tired. So why not just fight my chaser or injure him so that I would have time to get away. "Here I go," I thought to myself. I start to countdown in my head. "1,2,3 go," I said. I quickly turn around and swipe my opponent in the stomach.

Chapter 1

As I enter the school I am as nervous as nervous can be. I am sweating bullets as I walk to my locker wondering what will happen. Nervously I close my locker gently for no reason. Then I proceed to homeroom and sit in my chair. My teacher says, "I will hand back your math tests". Suddenly my heart jumps out of my body. I feel like the small burn on my arm is fire blazing. "Furgeson Yatas" said my teacher. "Come get your test," she said stubbornly. As I walk towards my teacher I start to feel that my 5.1 foot frame is dissolving into an inch. My coffee brown eyes start to burn in my head. I gently grab the math test.

It is folded as our teachers usually did. Gently I unfold the test, then look away trying to not see the horror that will come. I slowly turn my head with a worried expression on my face. Then I notice a splatter of red marker on the piece of paper. My head instantly glances at the bottom of the paper. Then patiently and nervously I slowly gaze towards the top of the page and spot the grade. There is a big fat F on my paper. Then I hear the sound of a gun shot. Next the sound of a window being broken. I turn around and see a bullet flying towards me. The bullet then pierces my shoulder. I listen to screams of panic and horror. "They sound like my classmates," I said to myself. Then I realize that I am on the floor bleeding out. Next I slowly pass out on the floor.

I wake up slowly feeling a soft feeling of a blanket. But at the same time there is excruciating pain in my left shoulder. The room that I am in is run down and disgusting. There is dust literally everywhere. But not a single soul in the room with me. I sigh, you think that a kid that just got shot would have a little more attention. But I guess that's wrong. To the left of me I spot a gurney that is covered in blood all over. Even the floor is covered in the red liquid. "I wonder who's blood is that?," I said hysterically to try to lift my mood up. Still though the same question rattles in my mind "Who shot me,". At one point I think I started to say the question out loud.

Then the sound of a door opening stops me. In comes a doctor with a white coat that looks like the kind scientists wear. Under the lab coat he is wearing a blue buttoned shirt. "How are you doing Furgeson" said the doctor.

I answer back saying "Okay". The doctor then proceeds to the bed I'm in and checks my shoulder. "Well you look good now, do you still feel pain" said the doctor.

Yes I said to the doctor nervously hoping that he does not have any bad news. Well luckily the bullet had not done any serious damage. "Do you know what happened to me," I moaned. "I'm only a doctor son I can't answer that for you," he admitted. I sigh then the doctor continues to speak. "Well all I know is that someone from the top of a building had shot you. But I don't know who or why they did that," said the doctor in a wise tone. The doctor then mumbles something else that had to do with my shoulder but I ignore him and pretend like I am listening. The doctor then finally leaves the room to leave me some rest. I slowly daze away in a nightmare.

Chapter 2

I wake up to sounds of crying and sadness. "Looks like my family got the message". My mom was crying in the hospital chair while dad is trying to calm her down. Until my sister screams out "He's awake". My mom instantly reacts and grabs my hand in nervousness. "Are you okay" she repeated over and over again. "I'm fine I said. My dad as usual has a wise and old look on his face. "How are you doing there buddy" my dad said trying to lighten up the mood. "I'm doing fine dad" I said. "Well we have to go home now" my dad said in a rush. My mom gasps then follows it by a "What". My dad then explains to her that he was told by the police that moving Furgeson to the house would be better then to stay in the hospital.

Well a man in a police uniform comes through the door with some nurses behind him. There were going to place me on a gurney and send me outside. I paused them though. "I can handle myself." So with every inch of strength I had I got up and walked through the door. People in the hospital stared but I kept walking. I finally made it to the lobby of the hospital and I gaze out the window and notice 3 black jeeps. A police officer then opens the door for me and walks me to the jeep. I sit down and unwind a little. For security purposes they had to put my father in one car, me in one car and, my sister and mom in another.

I start to feel like I'm being watched by someone by a rooftop. So in panic I check each building for a man on a rooftop. "Nobody in sight." So then I sit back and unwind in the seat. But a mysterious man is in a long black coat watching me. He looks familiar to me but I don't know where he is from. Now I remember when I was walking to school I saw him. He was wearing the same back coat as he is today. Could he be the man who shot me? Or could he be a curious man that just wants to see whats going on? I don't know who he could be but he looks harmless. So I don't say anything. I just let the officers proceed. Lets hope that man has nothing to do with this.

We finally make it home and it looks like the police have done some redecorating. There are cameras all over the place. It looks as if the police are guarding gold in my house. I act like I don't see it at all so I just keep walking to the door. I can hear the police on their phones . I look back and see that the police let the rest of my family out. They too proceed to the front door. Then as my dad walks towards me he whispers in my ear "Just act normal". I give him a "ha". But he does not listen.

Chapter 3

After dinner I was interviewed by the police. They asked me all sorts of crazy questions. Like one question was what color shirt was I wearing. What did they think I was five. But as my dad told me just go with it. It was a long and painful interview though. At around ten pm the interview was over and immediately, forced by the cops, I was told to go to bed.

The next morning something shocking had happened. Just down the street a house was found with a dead body in it. It had happened around five am and the cops did not hesitate. I've almost been in the house all day so I decide to go outside and play basketball. I grabbed my ball and head for the door, but a police officer with a disdainful look on his face stops me. Standing there I pleaded and pleaded. But still, the officer had not let me pass. This was horrible. It was as if my whole childhood was over. Later I tried to hang out with my friends, but still the officer did not let me. "You may not exit this house". "Because of that monster who tried to kill me two things came out of that. Number one my whole childhood is over. Number two my whole family is in trouble now."

The next miserable day I was told that the police had a five mile radius security team. This is because down into the city a person was assassinated. It was a guy named Bill Evans who runs a computer company. Everyday I get madder and madder at this situation. It gets worse and worse. Who knows what could happen next. Or who knows why the assassin wants to kill me and Bill Evans. What do we have in common? I went downstairs to get some breakfast. Then I looked out a window and "shockingly" see cops. "Yay" I said to myself in my head. The smell of bacon and eggs keeps me walking to the kitchen. Sounds of bacon crisping makes my mouth water. I walk towards the table and slowly sit down. Then the sound of delicious bacon crisping turns into gunshots. I look towards the window and it shatters. I spot the bullet as it pierces my dad's skull. "No, no, no". "We got to go. Lets go". The cops scream. They lead us out the front door to the jeep while my family is in tears. I look back to the front door and nobody is there, but one soul.

The police speed down the street with the siren on. So far I can not tell where they are taking us. Then they turn into a garage. I look around to see something. Then, the lights appeared. "This is a safe house" said one of the cops in the front. "Exit the car now and follow me". I can hear the screams of my mom and sister. I'm trying to not think of the horrible event that just happened. What will happen next? Where will we end up? These questions rattle my brain. "Come on lets go". The police officer screams. We entered this elevator that, instead of going up, it is going down. "This place is sealed tight if something tries to get in it won't get out" the police officer said. I stare at my mom

and she is shocked as shocked can be. She daggers the floor of the elevator with her eyes. The memory of my dad is slowly fading away, while his death is still in my mind.

Chapter 4

The police officer leads us to a room with grey steel walls. He says that this is the living area and that the bedrooms are down the hall. It is as if I am paralyzed of my body. I forced my body to move, but nothing happened. My whole body is shocked as if I was in a car crash. Looking back at my mom and sister, they both walk then collapse onto the floor. My body still doesn't react. Then appears two police officers from the elevator, both running towards my mom. They pick her up gently and place her on the couch. Then she begins to cry an ocean while screaming, "Why".

For dinner we had cold sandwiches that tasted like something from school lunch. There was barely anything in the whole place. Just a couch, table, and a couple of beds. Something must be done. Whats to become of us?